

# Press-Herald

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REID L. BUNDY Managing Editor

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## An Important Birthday

Tuesday is the 173rd anniversary of the Bill of Rights, the first 10 amendments to the federal Constitution. It was on Dec. 15, 1791, that the inherent rights of the individual to freedom from government interference became a part of the law of the land.

For those who gave us our Constitution and these amendments, there was no question as to their meaning. Ours was to be a republic of laws, not man. The Bill of Rights was necessarily a most negative instrument against the powers of the federal government—necessarily so to maintain positively those certain basic freedoms of the individual.

To our nation's founders, there was no question of semantics in government functions. The legislative department alone was to make the laws; the judiciary was to interpret them; and the executive department to enforce them. For nearly a century and a half, this was done—each department functioning in the manner of the written law.

With the growth of Big Government, the question of semantics arose.

Could the legislature assign a portion of their law-making to bureaus? They did and continue to do so.

Could the executive department legislate? It has, and continues to do so.

Could the judicial department enforce its own decisions? It has and does.

The Constitution checks and balances system provided by our founding fathers was for the purpose of maintaining for the individual those freedoms later enumerated in the Bill of Rights. Freedoms that are basic—not licenses that the federal government may alter at its slightest whim. The individual freedoms enumerated in the Bill of Rights have produced a great nation by allowing each individual to reach the heights his capacity allows.

Such greatness can be maintained only if our federal servants operate within the framework of the Constitution. The legislative, executive, and judicial departments contort their constitutional duties through semantical exercises. Only when each department functions in the sphere set out for it by the founding men of this nation will the proper check and balance system operate for the individual, inalienable rights of each American.

## IT'S NEWS TO ME by Herb Caen

### The Acoustics Were Excellent

INSIDE OUT Sol Hurok, the fabled impresario who brought the Leningrad Ballet to this country, is also an acoustical expert. During a press conference in a local hotel ballroom, two radio interviewers complained they couldn't pick up his voice properly—"too much noise in this room." Arising, Hurok motioned "Follow me, gentlemen," and led them into the men's room, where they were closeted for 15 minutes. Excellent balance.

**PUNCHLINES:** Commentator William Winter, back from a tour behind the Iron Curtain to begin a lecture series, reports on humor among the satellites:

**Czech joke:** In 2005, a boy asks his father who Khrushchev was. Leaving through a Soviet Encyclopedia, papa reads: "Khrushchev, Nikita S.—art critic in the time of Mao Tse-tung."

**Romanian:** A diner in a restaurant orders tea. Waiter: "Russian or Chinese?" Patron "Make that coffee."

**IN Warsaw:** Winter gazed at a huge, ugly Stalin-style skyscraper and said: "You must hate that." Polish friend: "You are wrong. We must love it!"

**THE INIMITABLE,** the irrepressible, the impossible Oscar Levant, sounding off on various topics in *Diner's Club* magazine: "Zsa Zsa Gabor has discovered the secret of perpetual middle age." On divorce: "My divorce was based on incompatibility. Besides that, we hated each other." On togetherness: "Any friendship, even a fleeting one, is unendurable." On his attraction: "My appeal is to a select few and they are in danger of being arrested." On mental depression: "First you have deep apathy, then you relapse into deep depression. Gee, how you long for those deep apathy days."

**FROM** a Newspaper ad "If your electricity is off for any period, don't open your refrigerator or freezer. Frozen foods stay frozen longer if the freezer door is kept closed. If food starts to thaw, add dry ice." Sure. Right through the closed door.

**AND UPWARD:** A reader, scouting the local toy depts. in anticipation of The Season, reports two unusual items for the tot trade. One is "The Scooba Doo Doll," which says such entrancing things as "Play it cool" and "Hey, doll, like you're way out," and sings a Scooba-Doo song. Another is a cowardly lion named "Larry," which announces in a sissified voice, "I'm the queen of the jungle" and "I'll protect you." I imagine things will improve, but meanwhile you might consider sealing off your chimney.



## HERE AND THERE by Royce Brier

### NATO Coalition Enters Era of Decline, Decay

Barely a year after the war, the Soviet Union's attitude toward the United States, Britain and France in the four-nation control of occupied Germany was one of undisguised hostility.

It was called the Cold War, and it had its climax in the Berlin Blockade, 1948, which Josef Stalin abandoned. His adventure in Korea was a sideswipe which the Europeans did not think concerned them.

Meanwhile, the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, called NATO, had been formed to establish a common defense of free Europe, should overwhelming Soviet ground forces thrust westward.

The Russians got the bomb, but the American stockpile was bigger. Both Russians and Americans developed long-range missiles. These created a situation in which intercontinental bombing could destroy civilization. Stalin died. Khrushchev came.

It now began to appear that the time for the Russians to have struck, if they were going to strike, was around 1947-48. But by the mid-1950s, nothing had happened but obstructionism.

The western Europeans gradually reached a conclusion the Russians were not going to strike. But the United States did not reach this conclusion, and kept building its defense. It somewhat galled many Europeans, who didn't like Americans anyway. Discontent centered on President de Gaulle, who was thinking of making France the leader of free Europe. He struck a bargain with West Germany. In due time he began to complain of American influence in Europe, and British influence, too. Through the Common Market he hoped for economic unity, ultimately a political consideration.

While he did not renounce NATO, M. de Gaulle began to weaken his ties with it, and to speak of a Third Force, standing between the American and Russian colossi. Non-French free Euro-

peans did not necessarily want de Gaulle's leadership. But they understood him, and there was a widespread belief the Soviet menace had ended. If so, the reason for NATO was ended.

What we are probably seeing is NATO dying. Its structure may remain for a decade or more (barring the unforeseen), but it will cease to dominate the European concept of history. This is not de Gaulle's doing. He is merely there as an agent, a formidable one, for a changing historical climate. (He has warned West Germany that if it weakened ties with France, it would become an "auxiliary" of the United States.)

Decay is the history of coalitions when a challenge declines, ever since the coalition of the Greek city-states against the Persians. If a coalition would flourish, its members must believe in it fiercely, believe it is the sole solution for the challenge. American leaders had better glance over this history, if they want to know what may be happening.

Text of some 75,000 words was assembled and edited by members of the staff of the New York Times under the direction of Harold Faber, based on news reports that appeared in that journal during the Kennedy years. The pictures remain haunting and poignant, even heartbreaking, which suggest to me that most Americans have not recovered from the emotional shock of the events a year ago.

The Viking Press, which publishes "The Kennedy Years," has included with this history a 48-page supplement—most of it produced under great pressure—from the New York Times relating to the assassination and its aftermath. This is

printed on a special long-lasting paper and is contained in a specially designed envelope. It is distributed "free," as the publishers put it, with the book until Jan. 1. Something of a collector's item, but the term "free" on a production that carries a \$16.50 price tag is a merchandising come-on at best. After Jan. 1, one may obtain the supplement, titled "Assassination of a President," separately at \$1.50.

Notes on the Margin... Speaking of Kennedy books, "Of Poetry and Power," edited by Erwin A. Glickes and Paul Schwaber, contains 79 poems relating to the assassination—long, short, classic and experimental—by a variety of American and British talents. (Basic Books; \$5.95).

"Women are like pin-wheels; you don't have to understand them to enjoy watching them."—Lee Call, Afton (Wyo.) Star Valley Independent.

## TRAVEL by Stan Delaplaine

### Warm Clothing Necessary For Trip to Old England

"My husband and I will be spending six months in England starting in February. It is our first trip. Should we take along soap, coffee, tissues?"

cellent. Try everything on the cheese board. Coffee after dinner is not served at the table but in the lounge. ☆☆☆ "And how about tips?"

A little less than here: 12 per cent in London, 10 per cent in the country for meals. A shilling (14 cents U.S.) can be used about like we use a quarter.

No. Austerity and shortages are long past. You can buy everything you want in England.

☆☆☆ "What kind of clothing do we need? Any suggestions for getting the most out of such a trip?"

Warm, warm clothing. England is cold until summer and they keep their houses at a temperature you could hang meat in—about 10 degrees cooler than we do. In turn, they dress more warmly indoors. Sweaters and coats. Central heating is a myth. I blooming well froze in a London house until I learned you dress inside there as we dress outside here.

At all time, but particularly in winter, you can have a wonderful time driving the snowy countryside from inn to inn. Take the older, coaching inns. There is a chain of them called "Trust Houses." Listed in the London phone book. Ask them for a list.

And I would get a great touring book—"1964 Guide to Pubs and Inns." You can buy this at any London book store. But if you want it here in advance, you can send \$2.35 to Al Wagstaff, 177 Sloane St., London, S.W. 1. Let me tell you these wonderful, historic inns are cold as Scrooge before he saw the light. But this is mainly bedrooms. Take flannel pajamas. Around the fire with snow piled up on leaded glass windows, there's nothing better.

☆☆☆ "We intend to take side trips such as Paris. We will rent a car but can we take it to France?"

Easy enough. Be sure your rental agency gives you a GREEN card, that is your international insurance and the only card you need to move your car across borders. And see that they fix your car up with yellow headlights. France demands this. (England uses white lights.)

Now you drive your car down to Lydd airport on the south coast. You can do it in a day. But don't do that. Stay overnight at the old town of Rye—at The Mermaid, something like Benbow Inn in "Treasure Island." Go to the airport in the morning.

For about \$16 for two, they put two of you and your car in a Bristol air freighter. And in 10 minutes flying, you're in France. Meantime, you can buy duty-free liquor and cigarettes from the stewards. You land at Le Touquet.

☆☆☆ "If you have any suggestions on local customs..."

In England, you drive on the left. You NEVER jump across traffic making a right turn. Wait for no traffic or the light to change. No bluffing. Windshields are never washed in service stations. People do their own. There are only two shoe shiners in all London—and they must be there as curiosities. The English polish their own.

Pubs are divided into "public bar," "private bar," "saloon bar." All served from the same central beer pumps. Saloon bars seem most private to Americans and they usually serve light meals.

You have to ask if you want ice in your drink. Drinks are "small"—a little less than our standard ounce. Or "large"—a little more than our ounce. You don't tip in pubs. But you can "shout" the bartender a beer. That is, buy him one.

☆☆☆ "Any special foods we should ask for?"

Scottish beef is good in any way—though England is not gourmet country except in special restaurants. Smoked trout is a specialty I like. It's a thing to begin with—cold with horseradish, English cheeses are ex-

## Our Man Hoppe

### Zambians Angry About Setback

By Arthur Hoppe

SOMEWHERE IN ZAMBIA

(Via cleft stick)

The reaction of the citizens of this new African nation to the latest setback in the crash project to plant the Zambian flag on the moon might best be described as hysterical.

The setback in the moon shot, initially targeted for next month, was announced by Project Director Edward Nkoloso. He said confidently that his 10-foot-long rocket, powered by "turbulent propulsion," was virtually ready, his astronauts were finely tuned, and all he needed to catch up with Russia and America in the space race was \$21 million. Which he is expecting in either Russian or American aid any day.

But a setback is a setback. And to assess public disillusionment I immediately set forth on an expedition into the heart of the vast African bush. Like all expeditions deep into the heart of the vast African bush it was sheer hell.

☆☆☆ Actually, getting into the heart of the African bush from the capital of Lusaka is relatively easy. Because it starts smack where Lusaka ends. The problem was that the citizens of Zambia come from 73 different tribes speaking 30 different dialects. And how was I to know whether to pose the questions in Bemba, Nyanga, Chikabanga or whatever? Besides which, I don't speak any of them.

But after making careful inquiries as to which tribes were confirmed vegetarians, I set forth with determination. And after a sweaty 20-minute trek, I stumbled upon my first native kraal.

The natives, as I have found them everywhere in Zambia, were extremely friendly. They approached, clapped their hands gently, dipped their knees slightly and shook hands, smiling broadly. None of the ladies though, I'm sorry to report, was wearing a topless bathing suit as these haven't caught on over here as yet.

After the amenities were over, I felt it was time to begin opinion sampling. So I held my hands in a circle over my head, crouched down, cried, "Vah-roommmmm!" launched myself up against my hands, symbolically cut my throat and then shrugged while expressively arching my eyebrows.

Which, of course, means: "If Zambia fails to win the moon race, would you consider this a serious blow to national prestige?"

As I say, public reaction was hysterical.

☆☆☆ Just as I was beginning to fear that some of these, my new friends, would laugh themselves to death, a young lady appeared who had been to missionary school. She had a baby slung on her back, gaily colored bandanna on her head and a sly, lovely smile. She said she was Mrs. Violet Ndonga and, as most Zambians will, hospitably invited me into her home, which was down a path under a mango tree.

It was an eight-foot-square thatched-roof hut of sun-dried mud bricks which she shared with her father, two younger brothers and her sister. Inside, a can of water was boiling over a larger can filled with glowing charcoal. On one side, two blankets were neatly laid out on the packed earth floor. Against the other wall were piles of wooden boxes surmounted by a blue suitcase with white plastic trim and an alarm clock ticking away.

I asked Mrs. Ndonga how she felt about the progress of the Zambian moon program.

"Yes, please," she said, shaking her head negatively. "To go to the moon, it is for you Americans."

And why was it for us Americans and not the Republic of Zambia?

Mrs. Ndonga covered her nose and mouth with her fingers, giggling. Then, with an apologetic look, she made a gesture. I understood the gesture quite clearly. And now I can only pray that this dispatch will somehow reach the outside world. For the gesture, I feel safe in saying, summed up Zambian public opinion of America's \$20 billion program to win the race to the moon so as to enhance our national prestige throughout the world.

They think we're out of our minds.

## Morning Report:

As long as the Administration is coming up with new projects to start off the new year, I'd like to suggest one: The National Student Riot Corps.

It would be stationed in Washington. Every time our Embassy in Moscow is damaged, our Riot Corps would attack the Russian Embassy. Discipline would be severe. If they busted 26 of our windows, we would bust exactly 26 of theirs.

Of course our Riot Corps would have to work harder than theirs because none of our students any longer have bottles of ink. We would have to deface the Russian Embassy slowly with ballpoint pens.

Abe Mellinkoff